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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1886.

The Publication Office of THE CRAYON is removed to the book-store of Mr. F. W. CUNNINGHAM, No. 763 BROADWAY, where subscriptions will be received, and all business transacted connected with the publication of this Magazine. Letters and communications relative to Editorial or business matters to be addressed to the subscribers, directed as above.

STILLMAN & DURAND.

TO ARTISTS.—We have to urge artists at home and abroad, as well as amateurs, learned and unlearned, to favor us with communications. We desire earnestly to have THE CRAYON the embodiment of the Art feeling and thought of the present time. Our columns are open to every mind, the Editors reserving only the right of deciding between positive interest and monotony. Will our artist friends and others interested think of it?

Sketchings.

FROST ON THE WINDOWS.

The ice crayon of the cold king of the north is now busy upon our window-panes, drawing in the darkness of night, in his frosty lines, forests of trees and firmaments of stars, with a rarity of finish unequalled in the boasted works of man. We have observed these beautiful delineations for many years, with ever-increasing admiration. On the large shop-fronts they have full range, and here they chase each other about in fantastic play, like a conglomeration of the lambent flames of the northern light. We have watched them at night rapidly flashing up many feet in long, coalescing lines, interweaving their intricate designs with exquisite precision, or lazily shaping into wavy crystallizations, filling thoughtfully out all the delicate minutiae of the design, and never pausing except to dart spitefully at some object that intruded upon the even planes of their glassy field. A man may stand before a naked pane in a cold, dry room, and see his breath slowly condense upon the glass, and build up the beautiful picture from the first faint nucleus, till the whole sheet is covered. We have seen upon a tradesman's windows a pattern of lace, which was hanging near the glass, most perfectly repeated in frosty lines, even to the intricacies of the pattern, resulting in a counterpart that could with difficulty be distinguished from the original. We have tried this winter to reproduce this marvellous phenomena, but with only partial success. We could obtain only vague impressions of the lace. The full perfection of the experiment seems to depend upon some nice adjustment of distance, or perhaps a rare combination of this and other influences.

We saw lately the words "paints and brushes" perfectly delineated in frost, on a butcher's window. It had once been a painter's shop, and the golden letters, now entirely effaced, had thus reappeared.

Various influences seem to determine the direction and form of these frostings. The direction in which the hand has moved in giving the last washing to the glass, will be followed by the lines of crystallization. A cross scratch-

ed by a diamond will determine all the forms into star-like radiations, and a waved line will set them all running in smoke-like curves. A variety of deep markings will produce an amusing confusion: different lines and forms may be seen, meeting and struggling, for awhile, when a compromise seems to be made, and then they cross each other and proceed again in harmony, again to meet and struggle. We have observed a line of crystals reach a deep fissure on the glass, and after a few moments' pause, throw an arch across, and then start on with renewed elasticity.

The formation of ice, not only on windows but in all its various phases, is exceedingly interesting to the naturalist, and beautiful to the eye of the lover of Nature. The infinitely diversified forms of snow crystals are familiar to everybody. The gentle tinkling of the forming ice has sounded sweetly in the ears of every country schoolboy. He has walked on bogs where the surface has been lifted by the ice pillars, forming from the water below, and when he "slumped" in up to his arms, has seen with delight the wondrous crystal caverns, sparkling in the sun like a palace of diamonds, wherein might ramble interminably an army of pigmy men: or he may have heard the granite hills of New Hampshire hoarsely groaning, as the ragged rocks were forced asunder by the forming ice, and the prolonged bellow of the cracking ice, as it lost itself away in the remote corners of the lake. Thus do the wonderful performances of the ice-king—either on our windows or in the great expanse of Nature—strike us, at all times of life, with astonishment and delight.

SHOP WINDOWS.

The gloomy aspect and the mean proportions of the shop windows in American cities, compared with those of Paris, is a source of regret to those who cultivate their love of seeing. Our Broadway, which does more retail business, and has an equal, if not an average superiority of elegant shops to the Boulevards, or any other foreign street, is far behind a hundred that we could name in promenade effect. Aside from its disgraceful *trottoir*, its shops are low, narrow, and jumbled; its windows dirty, vulgarly arranged, and unapproachable except over treacherous gratings and ambuscaded cellar-ways. The doors, which admit but a straggling few, are wider than the vomitories of our largest theatres; and the windows, invaluable for attractive display, are sacrificed to the useless width of entrance.

The people of Paris have the habit of strolling along their streets, looking leisurely into the shop windows, where the wares, no matter how homely, are arranged with consummate taste, kept scrupulously clean, and all goods conspicuously marked with prices. Hence, the Frenchman is learned in the value of all merchandise, from the price of a tin pan to a cashmere shawl. This plan of shop-window decoration, gives to this gay capital an elegance and parlor-like refinement, which constitutes its greatest charm to the visitor. Indeed, after the travel-

ler has seen the theatres and balls, he falls naturally into the street-strolling habit of the Parisians, and the longer he tarries, the more he becomes attached to the beautiful city.

He has always at his command an endless panorama, which, in variety and beauty, rivals any of the crystal palaces.

It is often the case that the Parisian's whole stock in trade is displayed in his window. On entering you find only a naked room, furnished simply with requisite furniture. This is much the case in the showy stores of the Palais Royal.

There is a well-known law of etiquette in New York which forbids citizens, and especially ladies, from looking in at street windows. This squeamish whim is exceedingly foolish, if not essentially vulgar. Lately we have seen some innovations upon the strictures of this rule. It will, however, doubtless continue to govern people, unless shopkeepers do something more to break it down, by increasing the attractiveness of their fronts, and lessening the perils of their approaches. It is the *blat* eye of the citizen he must seek to fascinate. The countrymen are too much overcome by the blant beauties of Barnum's Museum, to be influenced by such sober displays. An investment towards embellishing the windows of Broadway will amply repay the outlay.

Broadway might easily be made the handsomest street in the world. It is just wide enough to give the best effect, while its straightness and level afford the eye, at a glance, the perspective of miles of busy thoroughfare.

OUR PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.*

NO. II.

The collection of pictures belonging to Jonathan Sturges, Esq., is one, a sight of which is indispensable to a true estimate of the past and present condition of American Art. It is composed mainly of pictures by our own artists, and shows some interesting indications of the progress of painting here. There are in it two very fine examples of Cole's work at his prime; a large "View of the Catskill Mountains," painted in 1837, and a view on the "Catskill Creek," with the mountains in the distance, under a late afternoon effect, which is, for certain qualities, unsurpassed by any of the artist's works. It was painted in 1841. There is also a little picture, a "View on the Thames," England, which is rendered doubly interesting from its having been painted by Cole in fulfillment of a commission given to Verbrück, just previous to his last illness, and which he declined to accept, under the fear that he would be unable to fulfill it, until Cole promised to paint the picture; should his health fail before it was done. Verbrück died, and Cole painted it, we believe, from the sketch Verbrück had selected.

Weir is represented by two excellent pictures, the one called "Faith," a female figure holding the communion cup, exquisitely painted throughout.

* It will of course be understood that we do not intend to pass criticism on the pictures in these collections, but to inform the friends of Art where its treasures can be found, and we do it at the request of many readers of THE CRAYON.

out; and the other, "A Child's Devotion"—a child at prayer at the knees of its mother, a cabinet picture, brilliant in color, and fine in sentiment and execution. Ingham's celebrated "Flower Girl" is also here—a picture characterized by a high degree of all the qualities which have given the artist his position, and really a wonderful work. Edmonds also has contributed two pictures—"Caught in the Act"—one of his best—a boy who, drinking milk in the pantry, is discovered with his lips at the edge of the pan—and "The Bashful Cousin." A cabinet picture of a "News-Boy," by Inman, is exceedingly interesting, full and harmonious in color, and refined in character. There are few of Inman's pictures of this class, and as a point in our Art, this one is invaluable.

There is a series of Durand's pictures, commencing with an early landscape, a "Composition," dated 1836; then a view, "Shakespeare's Church at Stratford," and an Alpine scene, the "Valley of Oberhasle," dated 1842; both the latter painted soon after his return from Europe, we believe; several copies and studies of heads from Nature, among which is a copy by him from Titian's "Graces," in the Borgese Palace, Rome—a cabinet picture, "Portrait of a Turk," a very highly finished, and carefully studied picture, and considered by the artist, we believe, his best work of this class; and then, after a long interval unrepresented, there is the "Destruction of Gog," the artist's principal picture of the exhibition of the year 1852, a wild, supernatural scene, totally unlike any of his other pictures, and one over which, of course, the critics differed widely. This was a commission, the subject being assigned. The last of Mr. Durand's pictures is the one entitled "In the Woods," from the exhibition of last year, a forest scene, entirely wild, and, to our taste, the finest of the artist's works.

Huntington's power is shown to good advantage, so far as technique are concerned, in a cabinet picture of an "Italian Girl Asleep by the Way-side," vigorously painted, and very full in color. There are two pictures by Gray—"Proserpine and Bacchus," a small cabinet composition, and the "Young Poetess," both characteristic pictures. Of Mount's pictures, of which there are comparatively few, Mr. Sturges has a full complement, comprising "Farmer's Noon-ing," widely known by the engraving of the old Art Union, and painted in 1837; the "Bling the Hog," one of his last, and a picture in which sound is almost visible, dated 1842, and "An Axe to Grind," dated 1851. Chapman's "Etruscan Girl," sent home last year; an historical picture called "Spoiling the Egyptians," an exquisite copy of Ostade, and a study, size of life, of a donkey's head, introduce an artist who has had no small part in the Art-education of America. The only representative of the younger generation of artists is the "Sunrise in the Cordilleras," by Church, and we are inclined to think, his best picture.

Mr. Sturges has also an exceedingly valuable collection of prints, including a copy of Raphael Morgan's engraving of Guido's Aurora, a

set of the Correggios, by Toschi, and a collection of proofs from most of the English landscape painters, among which are a series of Turner's finest engravings, from the Ivy Bridge to those engraved just after his death. They represent every change in his style, and comprise some very rare prints, amongst which one of the most interesting is the "Crossing the Brook," an early impression, numbered and signed by Turner himself. There were but 500 impressions taken from this plate, and those all for subscribers, the prices ranging from 5 to 12 guineas, according to the date of the impression. This is probably the only impression in America of this, which is one of Turner's most celebrated and widely-liked pictures.

REMINISCENCES OF ROGERS.

To the Editors of the Crayon.

It may not be inappropriate to offer for your pages a few personal reminiscences of one, who, though not an artist, had a sincere love and elegant taste for all that is excellent in Art, and beautiful in Nature; and whose "word pictures" have been adorned by the most perfect pencilled illustrations of any poetical work. The poet, Rogers, who for years stood among the living generation of poets and artists, the last of that former brilliant circle who had passed away; a bright link between the two; the man who had known nearly a century, and lived with all the best and highest of that period; whose unflinching reminiscences delighted, and whose kindly interest encouraged those privileged to know him—and whose age appeared to know not the darkness of winter—still lovely and bright in mind, he has passed from among us. The tidings of his death came to us sadly across the Atlantic, for to many it is the departure of one who has held their hand in his kindly grasp, and to his name recalls

"Those pleasant looks, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured faces."

During a short visit to London, in the summer of 1848, we were walking one afternoon in the Zoological Gardens, when a short old gentleman, with glossy white hair, clear blue eyes, a fair transparent complexion, but little wrinkled, and with scarce any color, approached, leaning on a cane and the arm of a lady relative, but stepping rapidly, with a light gliding step, and casting up his eyes with much animation, as he held his head forward, somewhat bent down; my uncle greeted him as Mr. Rogers, and on being introduced, it was easy to trace the resemblance to the portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted in his earlier days, and engraved for his works. When the party were kindly invited to make his acquaintance at one of his so long celebrated breakfasts, his own words rose as the response:

"Pleasures that come unlooked for are thrice welcome,
— And the day they come
Is noted as a white day in our lives."

Mr. Rogers mentioned afterwards that the best note he ever received was from a American lady, who, being asked to breakfast with him, wrote, "Won't I?"—certainly it was expressive brevity.

On the appointed Thursday, at 10 o'clock, our party of three Americans, and three residents of London, met at his house, in St. James' Place; a very short and retired street, so situated that the back windows of the row overlooked the Park: the breakfast-room of our en-

tertainer opened on a small enclosure, through the iron railing of which he enjoyed the extensive verdure, and quiet, "as much as if it were all mine," said he. The house was of moderate size, built in the style known in this city as English-basement, and furnished tastefully—with many interesting objects of Art curiosities, and literary relics, such as Addison's writing-table. Mr. Rogers directed our attention to a side-board, and the stand of a small marble table, carved according to his express orders, remarking that when Sir Walter Scott was sitting for his bust to Chantrey, they breakfasted together with him; and Chantrey asked him, "Mr. Rogers, do you remember who carved that furniture?" "Yes," said he, "it was done from a design that I found somewhere, and showed to my cabinet-maker; he sent to me a young man who took my directions and executed the carving very cleverly." "I was that young man," replied Chantrey, "and how proud I felt of my interview with Mr. Rogers." Our hostess informed us that it was while working as a carver of furniture that Chantrey executed a bust of Horne Tooke, in plaster, not being able to afford to procure marble; it was his first work placed in the Royal Academy, and such was its excellence, that, before the close of the Exhibition, he received orders for twenty busts. On the mornings that Sir Walter gave a sitting, Chantrey invited him to breakfast at his house, and bring other guests, which hospitality the poet accepted, remarking: "Chantrey reverses the Scripture saying: I asked him for a stone, and he gives me bread." In this cheerful morning-room was set the light summer breakfast, consisting of five varieties of bread, strawberries, cream, grated tongue, and orange marmalade, all most delicious of their kind; the centre of the table graced with a vase of fragrant Carnations, a cluster of which, presented by the courteous poet, is still among my treasures. We were served with tea and coffee by two young men, one of whom, Edmund, appeared to be Mr. Rogers' right hand man, a combination of valet and secretary; keeping, as he waited, an ear to the conversation, and bringing one or two books which his master mentioned, and from which the old gentleman read to us his favorite passages; Ruskin's first publication was one of these; speaking in terms of the highest commendation of our Longfellow, he remarked he had not seen his recent publication, "Evangeline." Edmund said "It was among the books which came yesterday, sir." "Ah, then, put it out for me," said Rogers. My uncle told us that it was Edmund's duty to remember that all appointments are kept, and notes answered, Mr. Rogers telling him as they occur, and then not charging his mind, till reminded to fulfill them. While showing us his pictures, all gems in their way, our host brought a small manuscript volume, in which was recorded in the neat and most minute handwriting, observations made on his artistic possessions by various good judges.

"I love my pictures," said he, "because they please me; but the opinions here attest their value, being given by persons of knowledge."

Our party having recently returned from Paris, he brought John Chalon's admirable colored sketches of life in Paris, taken twenty years previous, at which period Rogers had been there; this visit he described with lively pleasure, calling on us to tell what was changed, and what yet remained as depicted on his memory. He gave a graphic description of a French dramatic performance, the story of which had greatly pleased him. In the opening scene the heroine agrees to accept a wealthy suitor, in preference to one with every other desirable qualification: in the ensuing ones, she appears to have been married, and to experience the folly of her choice; unkindness drives her almost distracted, but the closing scene

shows her again in her early home, awakening from a sleep into which she had fallen immediately after her decision, the consequences of which had passed as a dream before her; the worthy lover knocks at the door at this propitious moment, and is welcomed. Rogers' narration of this little drama was as beautiful as a poem could be, he said he thought of writing one about it, concluding, with a gentle sigh, "Sometime we shall all wake up, and find how much of all that we have eagerly pursued, is a dream." His sentences, especially in description, flowed in measured cadences; his enthusiastic perception of the beautiful was fresh as a youth's who had yet to learn that there is a shadow in the world; his feelings gentle and sensitive as a woman's. He alluded to a visit of sympathy which he had recently paid to his poet friend at Rydal Mount, whose daughter lay dangerously ill (and died soon after).

"Yes, the world says, 'poor Wordsworth,' and will pity him because they know him; but the poor mother, who has had no greater interest on earth than to rear this daughter, and who now watches her last hours, hoping against hope, and supporting him amid all her sorrow, she is not thought of; and I say, 'the poor mother.'"

When we quitted the breakfast-room for the drawing-rooms above, our host tarried to inscribe the name of my mother, "from her friend Samuel Rogers" in two volumes, containing his poems; proof-copies of that edition elegantly illustrated by Turner and Stothard, which he took so much trouble and expense to have made perfect. Few poets have had pecuniary means to send their offspring forth so becomingly dressed. His penmanship is tiny but very legible; I believe he wore glasses to write, though he read without their aid. As we examined the exquisite gift, he pointed out his favorite sketches, and the scenes he had most loved in Italy; many of Turner's views, he said, were engraved from a slight sketch; Stothard's designs were more finished. Several of these latter, beautifully colored little pictures, were set in the front of a small cabinet in his room.

Among recently collected curiosities he had some colored drawings of American autumnal leaves, by a lady; also a small vase, on which another fair friend had gummied similar foliage; their brilliantly varied hues delighted him so, that we made, and subsequently performed, a promise to send him a collection of forest leaves on the ensuing autumn. It was two o'clock before this charming visit was permitted to end; the four hours thus passed will ever be remembered as among those "marked by a white stone;" and I can only regret that the effort to recall and transcribe for the entertainment of others what I so much enjoyed, should be so inadequately performed. Much that was then said has slipped from my memory, and links are wanting to perfect the fragments of conversation which I have given. There are many Americans who have shared the hospitality and society which it was worth crossing the Atlantic to enjoy, who will, like myself, doubly appreciate that privilege now, that it can be no more. My uncle, who lived on terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Rogers, had many anecdotes of his sprightly sayings and ever cheerful manners. One amusing occurrence in which they shared, may close this notice. They were together on a visit at Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont, during the lifetime of the late lord, who entertained much company, especially literary people, though not a profound scholar himself. One of the guests made a quotation from the "Pleasures of Memory," which another said was not quite correct; they waited to see if Rogers would decide the question; but he remaining silent, Lord Egremont said, "Bring the book." It was not to be found in the library: "Oh, it must be in some other apart-

ment, let it be found." The next morning, as my uncle sat in the library, his host entered, saying, "How mortified I felt yesterday not to find Rogers' works in the house, and he my guest; but here is a copy obtained by express from London; now, to atone, he shall find me reading it." He threw himself into a large chair, but whether it was too much of a Sleepy Hollow, or his lordship not much accustomed to read poetry—he napped. In this state of affairs, Rogers entered. "Asleep! what very nice book can have put his lordship to sleep?" He peeped over his shoulder, and quietly passed out by another door. After dinner, the unconscious host, still intent on repairing the neglect, brought forth the volume, saying, "There's the book; now, you may settle the question." Rogers took it from the table, and, carelessly turning over the leaves, remarked, "I do not wonder your lordship could not give the quotation." The leaves were not cut.

E.

DR. DEWEY'S LECTURE ON ARTISTS.

We had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Dr. Dewey's lecture on "Artists as Educators," delivered at the Mercantile Library, the 17th of last month. Among many interesting facts and reflections, there were two points of the lecture we desire to endorse—that referring to the stand-point of artists among other classes of their fellow-men, and the beautiful tribute to the late Horatio Greenough. If we could recall the words of the speaker, we would gladly print them in our columns, but not having seen a report doing justice to the Doctor's thoughts, we are obliged to rest content with a simple reference to the points themselves. The tribute to Greenough was just and much needed. When Greenough died, our country lost one of its brightest ornaments, and Art one of its noblest and most efficient champions. He enjoyed a decided European reputation as an Art-critic. He was one of the few artists able to wield the pen—to write as well as work professionally—to battle vigorously on paper for the principles of Art, as well as for the profession of the artist. Greenough deserves a statue; his noble figure and character would make a fine one, and it would be a fitting memorial to his worth. Dr. Dewey closed his lecture by pronouncing Music to be, in his opinion, the "greatest of the Fine Arts," following closely upon the assertion with a peroration so eloquent we almost believed it might be so. We have no disposition to rank the different phases of *Fine Art*; true Art is so noble in every pure manifestation, who can confer a mark of degree upon any of its departments! We say, candidly, however, that if we had to lose either the *eye* or the *ear*, avenues to our heart, we should part more willingly with the ear, the vehicle of sound, than with the eye, the vehicle of form.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

MR. GIGNOUX is painting a landscape, a forest-scene in autumn—the time of day towards sunset. The scene is a composition; a small lake surrounded by trees, the foliage just changed to its fall tints, behind which the sun is going down in a ruddy sky. The surface of the water is varied by pond lilies, and the brilliant reflections in it of the foliage around its banks. The

peculiar forest-gloom, characteristic of localities of this description, is well expressed. This picture is intended for Lord Ellesmere, as well as a pendant—a snow-scene, yet to be painted.

MR. STANGE's miniatures reveal to us beauty, in a small compass—none the less impressive for being displayed on a miniature tablet. They are worthy of note for color, character, and drawing, and general artistic treatment, which latter quality is sometimes overlooked in pictures of this class. A crayon drawing of a child, which we noticed in his studio, is a very happy reflex of the innocence and purity of these little human ideals.

MR. COLMAN's studies from nature, made during the past summer, evince marked progress. They show improved feeling and perception, and more reliance upon the inspiration of the nature he studies. Mr. C. has lately painted one or two landscapes, composed from these studies, which will add much to his reputation.

MR. MIGNON has also made a number of very interesting studies from nature, in the vicinity of Cooperstown, N. Y. They are characterized by an evidently faithful study, and a decided love for the objects chosen. In mentioning the studies of Messrs. Colman and Mignon, we are reminded of a thought which now and then occurs to us, that to some there might be a kind of sameness in so many "studies from nature." If nature was monotonous, it might be so; but her infinite variety is only equalled by the various eyes and minds that see and portray her. No two art-students regard alike the same points of interest, nor the same aspects, and it is interesting to note the differences. If those who desire to study Art in pictures, and nature out of doors, wish to do so profitably, we counsel them earnestly to look after artists' studies from nature.

MR. WHITE has upon his easel an historical picture, called "The Signing of the Compact." The scene represented is the cabin of the Mayflower, with the Pilgrim Fathers therein, signing a document which, just before making land, they deemed it advisable to draw up, in order to secure properly their individual rights, as well as to provide for the government of the new colony. The compact is just signed, and Elder Brewster, the principal figure standing by the table, is in the act of invoking the blessing of Heaven upon it. Around him is the assemblage of the pilgrims, with some of the females of the company, all well grouped, and, with the accessories, forming an interesting composition. We look forward to its completion with interest, increased, as it is, by the scarcity of pictures of this class produced in our midst.

MR. EENINGER is engaged upon a small cabinet picture, a lady at work before an embroidery-stand. It makes an agreeable promise in its present state.

MR. CARPENTER has a collection of portraits of our dignitaries at Washington, among which

are some admirable heads. A portrait of Marcy is remarkable in character.

Mr. NICHOLS has a number of studies of European subjects, some of which, among the Tyrol, interested us much. He is painting several pictures from views on the Rhine.

Mr. RICHARDS has made a large number of studies, consisting of sketches of Roslyn and Idlewild, intended to illustrate articles on residences of the poets, to be published in Harpers' Magazine. The points of interest are well chosen, and happily varied.

We learn, from the *Home Journal*, that "the sketches made by William Heine, of Japanese scenery, manners, &c., when he accompanied the expedition under Commodore Perry, have been used for a series of paintings, to be exhibited in a panorama. The most interesting incidents are also illustrated in these representations: the misfortunes of previous expeditions; the anchoring of Perry's squadron, official visits, pompous reception and entertainment, and exploration of the picturesque country. A view is also presented of the encounter of the squadron with Japanese boats in the bay of Jeddo; the reception by the imperial commissioners; the magnificent pageant at the conclusion of the treaty; the presentation of gifts from our government—with many other views of city and country scenes, showing the life and customs of the inhabitants. The entertainment will open with the panorama of Chinese scenery and manners, from the sketches of Mr. West, who spent seven years in the empire, and saw more than, perhaps, any other traveller. These two panoramas combined, will form an exhibition of rare interest."

It is to be hoped that some suitable provision will be made, in the contemplated City Hall, for the pictures that belong to the city. They are now hung up in the governor's room, a long, dark apartment, entirely unfitted for their display. The new City Hall is projected on so magnificent a scale that it would not be asking much to suggest that room might be set apart for a public picture-gallery, of a size commensurate with the dignity of the greatest American city. From such a germ might spring another Louvre. It is worthy of the consideration of the architect.

THE Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, this year, will take place, as it did last year, in the rooms in front of the Rev. Dr. Chapin's church. See advertisement, on the last page of the cover.

DRAWING TEACHERS.

We hear of numerous situations for competent teachers of drawing in various parts of the country. A few days since we were desired to recommend somebody to go to a southern institution, who must be thoroughly grounded in the principles of drawing. But where to find such a one is a question not easily decided. The old race of drawing teachers, whose attainments were confined to the making of pictures by pattern-cards, or some rude flourishes of the pencil, have had their day: an improved taste in Art matters demands something better. The rarest thing under the sun is a thorough teacher of elementary drawing. It happens, generally,

that those who have sufficient capacity to master the first principles of the Art find it more congenial to proceed further, and profit by the sale of their works. Most of the teachers we have known have been utterly incompetent to impart knowledge of any value. They vitiate the taste of their pupils, and lead them to be satisfied with what our old friend, J. R. Smith, used facetiously to call, "a pretty-picture manner."

We observe with great pleasure a growing taste, and an increased demand, for competent teachers of drawing. The higher class of schools begin to understand that the art of drawing correctly from Nature is something more than an accomplishment, or a husband-catcher. They see clearly that it educates the mind to perceive and appreciate the beauties of Nature.

There are a great many ladies in this community whose situations would be vastly improved by making themselves good teachers of drawing. It is an art easily attained. The profession is very pleasant, and uncommonly remunerative. An offer was made through us lately, of five hundred dollars a year, and all expenses paid, in a young ladies' seminary. How many poor girls are suffering even for the necessities of life, who might, with a tenth part of the time they have wasted on some piano, become well fitted for such a position. Great efforts have been made in England, and other parts of Europe, to educate teachers of drawing. The result, so far, has been most satisfactory: in the long run, it must tell very sensibly upon the people. When a good knowledge of elementary drawing shall become a part of every common school education, the true millennium of Art will be inaugurated.

DR. KANE.

We have no doubt the following extracts from a sketch of Dr. Kane will be of interest to our readers. It is by Dr. Wm. Elder, and is from *Graham's Magazine*, for February.

Doctor Elisha Kent Kane is not quite thirty-four years old, yet he has done more than circumnavigated the globe; he has visited and traversed India, Africa, Europe, South America, the islands of the Pacific, and twice penetrated the Arctic region to the highest latitude attained by civilized man. He has encountered the extreme perils of sea and land, in every climate of the globe; he has discharged in turn the severest duties of the soldier and the seaman; attached to the United States Navy as a surgeon, he is, nevertheless, engaged at one time in the coast survey of the tropical ocean, and in a month or two, we find him exploring the frigid zone; and all the while that his personal experiences had the character of romantic adventure, he was pushing them in the spirit of scientific and philanthropic enterprise.

As a boy, his instinctive bent impelled him to the indulgence and enjoyment of such adventures as were best fitted to train him for the work before him. His collegiate studies suffered some postponement while his physical qualities pressed for their necessary training and discipline. It was almost in the spirit of truancy that he explored the Blue Mountains of Virginia, as a student of geology, under the guidance of Professor Rodgers, and cultivated, at once, his hardihood of vital energy and those elements of natural science which were to qualify him for his after services in the field of

physical geography. But, in due time he returned to the pursuit of literature, and achieved the usual honors, as well as though his college studies had suffered no diversion—his muscles and nerves were educated, and his brain lost nothing by the indirectness of its development, but was rather corroborated for all the uses which it has served since. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania first, in its collegiate, and afterwards, in its medical department. His special reliableness in study indicated his natural drift: chemistry and surgery; natural science in its most intimate converse with substance, and the remedial art in its most heroic function. He went out from his *Alma Mater* a good classical scholar, a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer, and surgeon. But he lacked, or thought he lacked, robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment in the navy, and upon his admission, demanded active service. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Philippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Taal; lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and clambering down some seven hundred more through the scorias, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of this hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

Before he returned from this trip, he had ascended the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece, on foot; he had visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversing the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his archaeological researches.

At home again, when the Mexican war broke out, he asked to be removed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the field of a more congenial service; but the government sent him to the Coast of Africa. Here he visited the slave factories, from Cape Mount to the river Bonny, and through the infamous Da Souza, got access to the baracoons of Dahomey, and contracted, besides, the Coast Fever, from the effects of which he has never entirely recovered.

From Africa he returned before the close of the Mexican war, and believing that his constitution was broken, and his health rapidly going, he called upon President Folk, and demanded an opportunity for service that might crowd the little remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition; the President, just then embarrassed by a temporary non-intercourse with General Scott, charged the Doctor with despatches to the General, of great moment and urgency, which must be carried through a region occupied by the enemy.

Here follows an adventure (resulting in illness from the effect of a wound), which we are compelled to omit for lack of space.

When he recovered and returned, he was employed in the Coast Survey. While engaged in this service, the government by its correspondence with Lady Franklin became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John, and his ill-starred companions in the Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John ran exactly in the current of one of his own enthusiasm—the service of natural science combined with heroic personal effort; and, added to this, that sort of patriotism which charges itself with its own full share in the execution of national engagements of honor; and besides this cordial assumption

of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a nobly brave spirited woman to the chivalry of the American navy.

He was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1850," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United States on his dismal voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice and a fifteen months' absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of this cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned, after verifying by actual observation the long questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82°, and beyond the temperature, also, of 100° below the freezing point. His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unintermitted labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication.

The paintings and drawings from sketches by Dr. Kane, are being prepared by James Hamilton, Esq., who we are informed has devoted several years to the study of Arctic subjects in connection with Dr. Kane. There will be in all, including line and wood engravings, three hundred illustrations, the work to be published in two octavo volumes.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

AFTER our studies, last month, with the polished worthlessness of Maad and the rough gold of Leaves of Grass, we are thankful for Browning's "Men and Women," which comes in to give us the mean where Art meets the rough metal, and gives us a result, not perfect, it may be, but nearly enough to it. A grand, glorious, dramatic mind, his is, and, to our mind, artistic to the last point which Art reaches, without becoming over-polish. How the calm and serenity of the following poem climbs into another sphere of existence from that in which we have been with our other two poets:

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL:

A PICTURE AT FANO.

DEAR and great angel, wouldst thou only leave

That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!

Let me sit all the day here, that when eve

Shall find performed thy special ministry,

And time come for departure, thou, suspending

Thy flight, mayst see another child for tending,

Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,

From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,

And suddenly my head be covered o'er

With those wings, white above the child who prays

Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding

Me, out of all the world, for me, discarding

Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!

I would not look up thither past thy head

Because the door opes, like that child, I know,

For I should have thy gracious face instead,

Thou child of God! And wilt thou bend me low

Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest

My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands

Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,

Pressing the brain, which too much thought ex-

pands,

Back to its proper size again, and smoothing

Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,

And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies

And sea, when once again my brow was bared

After thy healing, with such different eyes.

O, world, as God has made it! all its beauty:

And knowing this, is love, and love is duty?

What further may be sought for or declared?

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach

(Alfred, dear friend)—that little child to pray,

Holding the little hands up, each to each

Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away

Over the earth where so much lay before him

Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er him,

And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went

To sit and see him in his chapel there,

And drink his beauty to our soul's content

—My angel with me too: and since I care

For dear Guercino's fame, (to which in power

And glory comes this picture for a dower,

Fraught with a pathos so magnificent.)

And since he did not work so earnestly

At all times, and has else endured some wrong,—

I took one thought his picture struck from me,

And spread it out, translating it to song.

My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?

How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

As must be the case with all who really comprehend the spirit of any art, he enters into all others with such grace that we feel him to be at home there, a proper dweller there. Some of the passages from artist-life are such that we can scarcely realize that he himself has not walked those ways. There is a poem, called "Andrea del Sarto," which we would like to quote entire, but must content ourselves with passages. It is a picture most painful, but not without high use. It opens abruptly, but suggestively.

But do not let us quarrel any more,

No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:

Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.

You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?

I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,

Treat his own subject after his own way,

Fix his own time, accept too his own price,

And shut the money into this small hand

When next it takes mine. Will it tenderly?

He begs her to sit with him at the window, looking forth through the evening, that he may be refreshed for his morrow's work—he is very weary. She consents, and he talks of himself and his life:

Love, are you in God's hand.

How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead!

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are:

I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!

This chamber for example—turn your head—

All that's behind us! you don't understand

Nor care to understand about my art,

But you can hear at least when people speak:

And that cartoon, the second from the door

—It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.

Poor man! one's heart begins to ache for him already. "You don't understand, nor care to understand about my art."

The sudden blood of these men! at a word—

Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.

I, painting for myself and to myself,

Know what I do, am moved by men's blame

Or their praise either.

Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth

The Urbinate who died five years ago.

(Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,

Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,

Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,

Above and through his art—for it gives way;

That arm is wrongly put—and there again—

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,

Its body, so to speak! its soul is right,

He means right—that, a child may understand.

Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.

But all the play, the insight and the stretch—

Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?

Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,

We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.

Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—

More than I merit, yes, by many times.

But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,

And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,

And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird

The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—

Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged

"God and the glory! never care for gain.

The present by the future, what is that?

Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—

Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!"

I might have done it for you. So it seems—

Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.

Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;

The rest avail not. Why do I need you?

What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?

In this world, who can do a thing, will not—

And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:

Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—

And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.

'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,

That I am something underrated here,

Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.

Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,

And that long festival year at Fontainebleau!

I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,

In that humane great monarch's golden look,—

One finger on his beard or twisted curl

Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,

One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,

The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,

You painting proudly with his breath on me:

All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,

Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls

Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hairs,—

And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,

This in the background, waiting on my work,

To crown the issue with a last reward!

A good time, was it not, my kindly days?

Then he, tells her of his life at the French court, how he was honored, and then—

You called me, and I came home to your heart.

The triumph was to have ended there—then if

I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?

Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!

"Rafael did this; Andrea painted that—"

The Roman's is the better when you pray,

But still the other's Virgin was his wife—"

Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge